

Toungtha
Women



WEST GATE TOUNGTHA, N. B. M. BURMESE. MRS. F. WILSON

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Mason, Ellen B.
Tounggoo women

YOUNG WOMEN.

Ladies,

Will you Approbe or Condemn?

[Ellen B. Mason.]

New York:

ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH, PUBLISHER, 683 BROADWAY.

1860.

SECOND EDITION.

R E M A R K S .

WHEN the mission was first established in Tounghoo, six years ago, not a Karen female could read a syllable. Now many hundreds can read, and fifty young women are fitting themselves for teachers, twelve of whom have already branch schools upon the mountains.

When the work was begun, the people ridiculed the proposition of instructing *girls* in books. Now the chiefs themselves select the girls, bring them down, feed them, clothe them, supply their books, and find them places for teaching.

When this work was begun, the chiefs scoffed at the idea of girls becoming teachers. Now there is the loudest call for them all over the mountains, robber chiefs even promising their support.

When this work was begun, the Karens had not a foot of land to rest them on, when they came down from the mountains. Now they have a beautiful place of thirty acres, with a large handsome institution, and a pretty settlement, all their own, close to the town.

When this work was begun, I had to support the men while clearing the ground for the school-house. Now these same chiefs have brought in more than 3000 rupees for the girls' school, and a young men's school on the same land.

When the work was begun, I had to measure out our own

rice, meal by meal, to persuade them to remain over Sunday. The same chief have supported themselves week after week, to enjoy the privilege of coming in at night to study the word of God.

When this work was begun, the women presented the strongest barrier, opposing bitterly their girls leaving the paddy field to learn books.

Now these same women work day and night to prepare dresses for them, and come trooping down from the mountains loaded with thatch for their cook-house and dormitories.

It is just such a work and just such labors that are needed for the Burmese and Shan women of Tounghoo.

ELLEN B. MASON.

The undersigned approve of the Ladies of America undertaking the Female Department of this work for the Burmese and Shan women of Tounghoo, in connection with the Tounghoo Missionaries.

DR. TYNG writes that he "has read with interest Mrs. Mason's statements, and begs to enclose a small contribution from his ladies towards its accomplishment." Dr. Tyng says, he gives the plan his hearty co-operation, provided there be nothing done that shall interfere with the denomination now in charge of the field.

DR. BRIGHAM writes: "As an individual, and not in my official character or station, I most cheerfully commend the above object, after repeated interviews with Mrs. MASON."

J. C. BRIGHAM, D. D.

J. A. McNEIL, D. D.

SAMUEL I. PRIME, D. D.

DR. HALLOCK says "he most freely, as an individual and not in any official capacity, recommends the proposed plan to the ladies of America."

T. C. DOREMUS, Esq., "cordially recommends it to the approbation of the ladies and gentlemen."

WM. H. WYCKOFF, L. L. D., and THOMAS ARMITAGE, D. D., "warmly recommend the object to the ladies, and suggest that they take hold of the work in any way that they can arrange among themselves."

D. C. HAYES, D. D., writes: "It gives me pleasure to say that I trust your appeal to Christian ladies in behalf of the women in the large and needy field of your labors in a heathen land, will not be in vain. I am sure it will do our ladies good to give, and that a good use will be made of their charities."

DR. WILLIAMS writes:

"To Mrs. MASON:

"MY DEAR MADAM—The Karen Mission, under the charge of your honored husband and his fellow-laborers, is probably one of the most blessed in all the field of modern Missions.

"Your labors to found Schools, and to send Bible-Readers especially among the women of the Tongghoos of this great field, need not divert any contributions from the support of Missionary Preachers and Translators, and are, I think, worthy of all sympathy, and I do most heartily wish them abundant and continued success.

"Very respectfully,

"WILLIAM R. WILLIAMS,

Pastor of Amity street Baptist Church, N. Y. City."

"In the foregoing views of Dr. Williams I most cheerfully concur.

"BENJAMIN M. HILL.

"August 3d, 1860."

GEORGE GAULT, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I recommend the above object to the ladies."

HO? AVA! with amber-paved valley and glade,
In sapphires and rubies, and emeralds arrayed ;
 Whose picturesque bowers
 Light tremble with showers,
 Of sweet tropic flowers ;
Whose minstrel cicadas and bulbouls are singing,
And bright trailing rivers o'er gold sands are ringing,
 Where, where is thy virtuous maid ?
 Though soft they recline
 Amid perfumes divine,
 And tho' brilliant their eyes
 As their orient skies,
Thy daughters are blighted, corrupted their bloom,
Like the tints that luxuriate over the tomb.

TOUNGHOO.

TOUNGHOO is the capital of an ancient kingdom, a principality of Ava. It is about eighty miles in extent, from East to West, and one hundred from North to South, covering an area of some 8000 square miles. It is about sixty miles East of Prome, and 100 West of Siam. It lies in the valley of the Sittang river, a rich level rice country, with a range of mountains looming up on the East, in some parts said to be seven and eight thousand feet, and another lower range on the West. Beyond these mountains on the right flows the Salwen, and on the left the Irrawaddy.

The Burmese of this old Principality, in many respects differ from those of Martaban or Tenasserion. They are a taller more athletic race, more haughty and independent. There were a great number of Chiefs or Khans in Tounghoo, when the English took possession, but only a few submitted to the foreign government. About sixty, it was said, fled away to the North, and stockaded about sixty miles north of the city. Here they continued for a long time, carrying on their guerilla warfare and plundering the disarmed inhabitants of the land. A few weeks after I entered the city, their banditti gang came right under the English guns, robbed one man, shot another in the bazaar, and led off a poor woman at the end of a long noose. Hearing the noise about midnight, I rushed on to the verandah, enquiring the cause, when the marauders instantly fired and hurried on.

Signal guns were shot fast and quick. Drums were rolling, torches glaring, and Sepoys flying in every direction, but not a stray robber could they find. Those old Chiefs knew too well "the way to the woods." Every palm tree, every reed, every tumbling brick they knew as well as their children's faces, while the black Sepoy-strangers, what did they know? They might stumble over half a dozen Burmans and take them for heaps of rubbish.

The historical tradition of old Tounghoo is that it was founded by Mauniep'ga Karens, about six hundred years ago.

It was at one time conquered by the Portuguese, but the Burmese King came down upon them, took the Portuguese Governor and crucified him in Syrian near Rangoon. From that time Tounghoo remained a Principality of Ava, being governed by the Prince Royal until it was taken by the British in 1853.

When it was announced that the "white barbarians" were marching full upon Tounghoo, the infatuated priests rushed forth with their torches in every direction, and their magnificent carved monasteries, the work of centuries, were burned to the ground, leaving only the tall scathed palm-trunks to mark their broad boundaries.

The nations of Burmah resolve themselves into two distinct classes—those which have accepted Buddhism, and those which have not. The Buddhist nations at home in Burmah are the Talaings and the Burmese, distinguished from the others by possessing a written language and literature, a religious priesthood, a monarchical government, and that advanced civilization of the mind, producing a marked distinction between them and the utterly uncultured tribes. Tounghoo city is inhabited by Burmese and Talaings. There are also many Shans and Kyens on the lowlands. But the mountains are held by Karens, of whom there are seven tribes or clans found in this region.

This province was supposed to be under the special guardianship of four Chief Nats, who dwelt in little temples in each corner of the kingdom. Then there were many more assistant Nats who aided in conducting the affairs of the State, and they had one most curious place of rendezvous—a grove-temple in the northwest angle of the city. I was walking one evening near what appeared to be a pretty wood, when I saw a woman raise

something which looked like a thick branch, and disappear. I instantly attempted to follow, but my arm was respectfully yet firmly stayed by a native Burman, a stranger.

“Don’t go !” he said eagerly, “Don’t go, you’ll die !”

This, of course, awakened curiosity, and I insisted on entering, stepping immediately in, knowing the crowd would soon prevent me. Seeing horror depicted on every face, I stood back quietly, telling them I would not injure the Nats, and they could’nt me, because Jesus Christ was my protector, and he was much greater than all the Nats. It was the most unique little temple I ever saw ; about twenty-five feet square, built entirely of trees, which grew in just that form, with trunks some two feet in girth, and brim full of branches which were wreathed, laced and interlaced, twined and intertwined, clear up, forming an almost impenetrable wall, and a thick, close, beautiful dome above, about thirty feet high. It must have been the work of fifty years, I should think certainly, and in the centre was a platform, on which stood six carved images, three males and three females, one with several arms, holding a spear and other emblems of power. It was a house dedicated to the goddess of Child-birth, perhaps the *Fornoues* of the Celts. The place was held most sacred, and offerings constantly made there by the women of Tounghoo, previous to the birth of any child. As I stood and talked to them there, under Nature’s own canopy, a holy fear, an indescribable awe, seemed to hover over them, and they asked, in all simplicity :

“Who is this Jesus Christ? If we worship him, cannot these Nats harm us? Will not our children be deformed?”

Assuring them Christ could and would protect them, I urged all who desired his protection to come to my house the next day. They came to the number of thirty, and every one gave in their names as determined to worship Jesus Christ. How sincere they may have been, I cannot say. The next time I walked around this corner of the city, which was not until two years, the Nat grove-temple was gone. Not a vestige remained. It was hewed down without doubt, by these very women who had so long cherished it as their holiest shrine. This does not look as if the women of Tounghoo were the most hardened idolaters, and I fully believe, could they have the light, and be made to *understand*,

they would gladly receive the truth ; at least, that many would do so, like the women of Thyatira.

One day the Woonkadan came, with her suite, to pay respects. This Tounghoo lady was some sixty years of age—her silvery white hairs combed smoothly up from an ample forehead, her black eyes keenly glancing beneath highly arched brows—her fingers gemmed with the nine magic stones of Burmah—her almost white feet slipped loosely into light scarlet sandals—her person attired in a beautiful silk robe of modest pink and white checks, but open in front after the Burman fashion, with a wide crimson cincture around the bust. Over this a delicate lawn inga, or jacket, open, with long floating lappets on either side ; and above all, gracefully flowing over the left shoulder, a richly wrought white lace mantle. Imagine such a figure, and you have before you a Woonkadan of Tounghoo, or former governor's favorite wife, as she appeared when she paid me a visit, with her suite, soon after my arrival.

There were seven or eight ladies in her train, all with the hair exquisitely dressed, straight over the forehead, with a curious half curl, the smallest in the world, caressing each side, and the large knot behind encircled with orchids, or fragrant screw-pine. The screw-pine is really fascinating ; indeed, I believe it is the very prettiest head-dress in Burmah. Screw-pine flowers somewhat resemble corn flowers in the sheath, and are deliciously fragrant. They are often a cubit in length, and as large as the largest ear of corn, but small ones are chosen for the hair. The flower and sheath are both a light straw color ; and the sheath, or a part of it, is neatly separated into threads, so put on as to fall gracefully back over the knot, with the flower and half sheath fastened underneath, altogether composing a chaplet really charming for its elegant simplicity.

Orchids are much sought for by all Burmese ladies, particularly the delicate *bolbophyllum*, one species of which is delicately sweet, and of a light yellow color. There are some curious notices of this flower in Burmese history. It states that a little less than a hundred years ago these air plants were *taxed* by government !

The Myu-woon of Tounghoo sent annually a tax of this flower to Ava as follows : To the king twelve loads, to the queen two loads, to the heir apparent four, to the princess one, to the court four, to the treasury two, to the ministers of state two, and another load for show. Each load contained five hundred bunches, making in all *fourteen thousand* racemes of one simple orchid, to be gathered annually for this voluptuous court ! These were collected by the Karens, and one cannot but think how many thousands of burning tear-drops must have fallen from anguished mothers over those lovely blossoms ! And not only these were they obliged to gather, but also two other species—the charming dendrobium and another air plant—all in the same ratio, amounting to *forty-two thousand* orchid blossoms to be collected in the most hurrying season of the year !

This company of Burmese ladies were all self-possessed, with that high bearing of deference which marks the well-bred in every land, and the grace of their attitude, as they took their different positions upon the mat, was perfectly engaging.

Having ordered mats neatly covered, I took a low seat beside her, enquiring :

“ Does the Woonkadau wish to hear of Jesus Christ ? ”

“ I have come to hear Payah (your ladyship).

“ How old is the Woonkadau ? ” turning to an attendant.

“ I have lived sixty-five years,” she replied herself.

“ Indeed, the great mother is as old as my grand-mother. I am but a child in years beside her ; nevertheless, God in great mercy has showed me the true way to happiness.”

“ Let us hear ! let us hear ! ” exclaimed her attendants ; so we endeavored to tell them, slowly and solemnly, of man’s sinful state, need of a Saviour, the atonement provided, and the peace attendant upon receiving it ; and without our noticing it, they remarked at once to one another, that it was very different—this salvation by Christ, and the Nicban (annihilation) promised in the Bedagat, after thousands of years in hell. The Woonkadau was a very understanding woman ; and so were four or five of her attendants, one of whom could read very well, but the lady herself had never learned to read.

Having remarked that she would not like us to say that her

religion was wrong ; that God was displeased when they worshipped pagodas, idols, or poongees, she replied :

“ You are a woman, the same as myself, only you have more knowledge ; and what you say is not your own words, but God’s words. We must receive them as God’s words,” (meaning our God’s words.)

They all assented to the truth, but it is to be feared it was from politeness, as they did not seem at all affected by it. Towards noon she begged leave to retire, as it was her hour for sleep, so having served them with a cup of tea and a plate of gingernuts, they withdrew. I did not return the Woonkadau’s call, for I found no time, there were so many with us, but I kept up an acquaintance by sending little messages with various passages marked for her attendants to read to her. One day, having sent a cup of guava jelly of our own making, with the “ Life of Christ ” in Burmese, she returned many salams, saying she had long desired to see such a book, and would give particular attention to the paragraphs marked for her.

In this lady’s train was a young Braminee, very pretty, graceful and lovely in her manners. She looked intelligent, but said little ; one of her companions however remarked :

“ You are white, and God loves you : we are dark, He don’t love us.”

“ You say God made us all,” observed one of the Woonkadau’ maidens, “ and you say He loves all. If this be so why has He made you white and me brown ? No, no,” she continued, with a bitter smile, “ He don’t love the Burmese. He’s the God of the English, not the God of the Burmans.”

“ You plant a flower-garden,” one of the Christians replied trying to clear up the matter. “ You put in tube-roses, balsams and four-o’clocks ?”

“ Hoga K’myah,” (yes, sir) with a graceful inclination.

“ You are fond of your flowers, because you planted them yourself ; so you carefully tend them, water them, dig about them, get rich soil for them ; and watch with admiring interest to see the blossoms open.”

“ Hoga K’myah.”

“ By and by, a companion comes in, and begins to carry off all the red and yellow balsams. ‘ Stop ! stop ! ’ you cry, ‘ you

are spoiling my garden.' 'No, no,' she says, 'you want only the white flowers. I'll have all the rest.' "

"She shouldn't have 'em."

"Just so. Now the world is God's garden, and the people flowers, red, white and yellow."

"And Mahnat, (the devil) wants to get them all, but he tries the hardest for the red and yellow ones," joined in my interpreter, eagerly. "He comes up with his imps, and pulls here, there, yonder, and says, 'I'll have these, I'll have these to keep my fires burning.' "

"But God says, 'No,' " we added ; "He says to the Natsoes, 'You shall not destroy my pretty brown flowers;' " and the assistants explained to them that God had sent his Bible and his teachers, to show them how to keep out of his hands.

They were pleased with the simile, as Orientals always are with anything like a parable.

"But your dress is always white, while ours is often faded and dirty," said the attendant who could read, and whose dress was not a little soiled. "Of course God loves you most because your clothes are whitest." So then we had to try again, and bring them to understand that, though it were good to have clean clothes, yet it was the heart that God looked at ; and if that was fragrant, He would love them more and more. It was difficult, however, to make them believe that he would overlook the outside to notice the inside ; and finally they were told if they would have it so, then they should wash their clothes and keep them clean. But this only led, where we knew it would, to their pleading poverty, although probably there were not more than two or three present but carried twenty or thirty dollars' worth of gems upon her fingers.

Nearly all the Mienkadaus, or gentlemen's wives, in and around the city, have visited us at different times ; and one is a person of uncommon talents. She can read fluently, and the people say she knows more of Burman books than any man in the place, except two or three priests. This is a rare case, as I have not seen more than three other women in Tounghoo who could read at all. I feel a deep interest in this person, and much time has been spent in instructing her ; perhaps more so, because she is, for a heathen, really a loveable woman, soft and winning in her

manners, and has a particularly sweet voice. She visits our house frequently, reads our books, and says she is considering the Christian system, but does not yet believe. Her husband is from Ava ; a tall, handsome, noble-browed man ; but as proud and haughty as the court of his native city. This lady has a pretty daughter whom she has herself taught to read ; and whom she wishes to place with me for instruction ; and I can but hope that they will sometime become humble disciples.

One day this woman was stumbling on the doctrine of the Trinity. She was advised to let it alone, until she knew more of Christ's life and doctrine, but she would dwell on that, and remarked :

"I can understand all but this ; but here is a point inexplicable." Having in vain tried to illustrate the subject, she was asked if she did not love her husband."

"Certainly."

"Obey him, too ?"

"Usually."

"What, without seeing all his heart, or knowing all his thoughts ?"

"Ah ! I see," she replied, "You mean that we should be content to obey God without understanding him."

"His own Son died for you—what husband ever did that ?"

"True, true."

"Would she feel any happier," she was asked, "if she could even look clear through the eternal God, as she could her idols of papier mache ?"

"No," after a pause. "I—I don't know as I should. He wouldn't seem so great."

"You think it hard," it was observed one day, "to give up what you call your merit ?"

"Yes, Th'kyen, (madam) I have done a good deal in my lifetime for pagodas and monasteries, and it is hard, very hard."

Oh, my sisters, you should be there on the spot to fully realize these things. I don't know how you would feel, but I know how I felt, and that I could not stay the scalding tear-drops as this gifted woman sat before me bound in the python folds of Buddhism, which had been from childhood tightening—tightening, and are still drawing, almost irresistibly down to woe.

Another Mienkadau, an elderly person, is perhaps equally intelligent, but very different. She has a great intellect, understands almost before the words are spoken ; and will often turn round, and expound to the others, like any philosopher ; taking care, however, to always add the *dac*, or quotation affix, to let them see she is not herself a believer. This old dame would converse only with the "Great Teacher" himself, so she was turned over to the male department. Many attempt to make out that Christianity and Buddhism are the same ; and some of these women appear really inclined to believe Jesus Christ to be Arcemadaya, the anticipated Buddh. But this woman saw the difference at once.

"They're not alike," she remarked, one day, with emphasis. "Not alike—they're like this," putting up her hands in opposite directions.

Nothing could be more correct, though not one in fifty will acknowledge it.

One day several of the Mathoodaus or nuns came to visit us.

They asked for offerings, but I had to tell them, as the Apostle did the poor lame man, and so gave them Mrs. Ann H. Judson's Catechism, and read to them the Scriptures, after which we served them with tea, and they departed apparently highly gratified. One of the number could read ; and I believe she is the only one who can boast of this accomplishment among the whole fifteen Mathoodaus of Tounghoo. They seemed to receive the gospel, and it would not be strange if they should hereafter worship Jesus Christ in connection with Gaudama, and the Nats ; and this is probably what a great many will do. Indeed, were the gospel to be suddenly withdrawn from the province, undoubtedly a few years hence the traveler would find, as it was in Rome, in the days of the Emperor Severus, Jesus Christ's image in the temple with those of the heathen Gods.

In this way I have sat most of the time from eight o'clock until four for weeks together, having sometimes forty visitors a day, in ten different parties. The body would weary, but the spirit never, for it was a rare and precious privilege.

One day the Sahya-kadau came, with a large company.

The house we occupied being the seat of the City Recorder, a good sized hall in the centre was the Myusahya-kadau's drawing room. Here I took possession on our first Sabbath in Tounghoo, and invited the women to listen. I had a good interpreter, by whom I could readily communicate through the Pwo, and they appeared different from any Burman women I ever met. Generally they are very curious about our clothes, food, color, &c., but the assembly on this Sabbath day seemed only anxious to hear of our religion, and I never in America saw deeper interest depicted on human countenances that these women exhibited during this interview.

I encouraged the company each to speak about herself, and, "Ah me," said one, "I am the mother of five children, and am now childless."

"I am the mother of nine," said another, "and of all, but one remains to me," and so it went round from one to another, each telling her own heart-burdens, many of them with tearful eyes.

"But Jesus, when on earth, loved poor sorrowing woman, and—"

"Did He?" questioned the Kadau.

"Yes; and what do you think He said to them?"

"We don't know—we never heard of Him before."

Here I tried to tell them of those "mansions" which Jesus said he was going to prepare; adding that their little children were undoubtedly up in those beautiful rooms waiting for them.

"Our children up in beautiful rooms? Do you think they are?"

"Yes."

"With whom?—what's the name?" and here they tried to pronounce the new name of Christ, but made it sound so oddly they all burst out laughing.

"Yes, yes," trying to reassure them, "that's right, *Yashoo-Kraik*; and He has promised something to all who become His followers."

"What? What is't?"

"He says He'll wipe away all their tears."

"Does He? Can He if we cry very much?" smiling.

“Yes, and that’s not all.”

“What more? Do tell, for we never heard of such a man before—What’s the name?”

“*Yashoo-Kraik.*”

“*Ya, ya : Yashoo-Kraik, Yashoo-Kraik ;*” and all repeated the name, trying to learn it.

“Yashoo-Kraik says he will give you something better than rings or dresses, better than children or husbands ;” explaining to them their own sinful state, and need of a Saviour.

“*Ya, ya*, we are all sinners—great sinners ; we get angry, we fret, we repine, we talk bad, and we do bad.”

“Yes, at such times *Nat-so* (the evil spirit,) comes to the verandah of your hearts, and says, ‘ May I come in ? ’ ‘ *Hoga,*’ you say, and in he comes, and begins to blow and blow, until he has filled your hearts with anger and wretchedness.”

“True ! True !” all responded with interest, but *Nat-so* is *tai-sothe* (very bad,) and *will* come in.”

“Hear this,” spoke up a young Karen disciple, near us, who had been for some minutes turning his Karen Testament.

“What is it, Moung ?” questioned the *Sahya-kadan*.

“Hear this ;” and he read to them the 4th of Luke, how the devils, at Christ’s command, came out of many, crying out that He was the Son of God ; adding that Christ had conquered all Nats more than a thousand years ago, and exhorted them to believe in Him.

“We do believe,” exclaimed several voices at once, “and hereafter we’ll worship Jesus Christ.”

“Do you say true ? Will you surely worship God’s Son ?”

“*Hoga—Yes.*”

And so we dismissed them, they saying, “We’ll come and hear more to-morrow.”

The next morning they did come again, filling our room full, and more than full. So I began by inquiring if they remembered what had been said to them the day before. Some few tried to tell, but the most they could say was, that we must worship one Jesus Christ.

“But who is Jesus Christ ? inquired a very sensible-looking woman, who was not in the day before. “Where can I find him ? Is he in Maulmain or in Bengala ? Where did he die ?

Will he ever come again ?" she continued eagerly, and when satisfied on these points, " Why," she exclaimed, " have I never heard this before ? I believe in this Jesus Christ. My heart seems to light up a little."

" And mine, too," joined in the lady of one of the chiefs. " How is this ?" she continued. " You see me an old woman. I began to look for Arcemadaya when so high," pointing to a child some seven or eight years old. " I have been looking ever since, and haven't found him yet. It's of no use to look any longer. I'll worship Jesus Christ."

This woman's case was particularly interesting. She was so eager to learn of Christ, it was not enough for her to sit in the circle, but she bent forward as far as possible in the crowd, as if she would devour every word ; and when the company retired, still there she sat, as party after party came and went, until nearly night. Several times her children came and called her, but she would reply :

" Let me alone. I must hear. I am old. What is this world to me ?"

At last she vanished away unseen, and I never heard of her again. But she reminded me strongly of a convert in Dong-yahn. A woman who had been all her lifetime a Buddhist, until her conversion to Christianity, and after that she had once fallen into idolatry. But she had also truly repented. One day I had been telling the sisters something about the Saviour and heaven, which this old lady did not perfectly understand, so she left her seat and sat down beside me. " What is it teachress ?" she enquired, " Tell it again please." I repeated it.

" Again mamma, I don't quite understand," putting her hand to her forehead, as if trying to concentrate her thoughts. Slowly I again explained in the simplest manner possible ; and now light seemed to burst in upon her understanding, " Oh, I see it ! I see it !" she cried, her eyes and hands uplifted towards heaven, while the tears coursed down her cheeks : " I see it ! I see it !" and there she sat gazing upward, until her whole face shone with an unearthly radiance. What she saw I know not, but the angels no doubt whispered her precious things.

Oh, I do believe if the ladies of Christian lands could see these poor heathen women groping for light as I have done, it would

arouse the coldest blood in Christendom, and send it rolling with the swiftness of enthusiasm through all their veins.

At present, Burman mothers (I mean the great mass of them —of course there are isolated exceptions,) have but one thought, and that is to bring up their daughters in such a manner as to attract to them the attention of strangers, so that they may sell them for a good price. Oh, I have seen, till my eyes ached with weeping, how sin and misery are brought into Burmese dwellings by Christian Europe. I have seen the bosom heave, and the tears gush over her offspring, when the poor young mother, tormented by a consciousness of sin, and the fear of punishment, has exclaimed :

“What could I do ? I was helpless. My mother sold me. A Christian bought me. Will not the God of the Christian pity me ?”

I have seen them dragged away as they sunk fainting at the feet of their masters, when they found their place was already filled by a European lady ; and I have also seen these helpless creatures, when they have been hunted by their cruel mothers, and the more cruel purchaser, prepare for themselves the grave of the suicide. If so-called Christian *men* can be so base, so cruel and wicked, as to seek their destruction, ought not Christian *women* to put forth still stronger efforts for their salvation ?

The question now is, what can be done for these poor girls ? From the days of Ann H. Judson, our missionaries have labored to rescue them, and not without success, but the flood of corruption, like a wide sea, has flowed on from city to city, and the condition of these young women seems hopeless, unless something can be done to remove them entirely from their mothers. Missionaries have endeavored, again and again, to bring them under Christian influence, but their mothers watch them with the utmost vigilance, to prevent their accursed trade from falling to the ground.

Not knowing what to do, I think we shall commit no sin if we try something new. I have therefore made an effort to establish

a Normal Training School for Burmese, Talaing and Shan girls, as nearly on the plan of the Karen Female Institute as practicable, but with an ornamental department, none however being admitted into the higher branches until they can read the Scriptures well in their own language. If we can persuade the mothers to see any nobler prospects for their daughters, so that they shall be willing to entrust them to a foreign teacher, for two or three years, we shall have great hope that, with God's blessing, a change may be effected in their manners and hearts, and through them, in their companions.

I know one young Burmese who was for several years the pupil of Mrs. Haswell, of the Maulmain mission, who acquired such high principles that her influence is seen very decidedly over her associates. She is now in Tounghoo, ready to aid in a female school, and with her help I did once open this school, but found it would require the exclusive energies of one person.

I have already purchased a handsome house and compound, with brick cook-house and nice bricked roads, with cocoanuts, jacks, and other fruit trees. It is in a most eligible situation near the Burmese town, on the river, and so near the Main Guard and Court House, as to be always under protection. The compound joins Mr. Mason's place, and contains about four acres of land, for which Government has ordered the title deeds.

I have paid for this establishment 2,000 rupees, and it is all ready for the school. I now want for this undertaking the following articles :

1st. Permanent support, or \$450 the year for a teacher, and native assistant.

2d. The cost of the teacher's passage and outfit.

3d. A box of slates, knives, scissors, pencils and paper.

4th. Apparatus, such as Scripture cards, a pair of large globes, a set of outline maps, a magic lantern, a stereoscope, with views illustrative of the earth or its inhabitants, or anything illustrating the natural sciences ; a large microscope would be invaluable, mathematical instruments, drawing and painting materials, worsted work and materials, a few English books of reference on all subjects connected with the Bible or science. Second-hand will answer every purpose.

All these things, except the microscope, with a piano also,

have been provided for the Karen Female Institute by friends in England. The teacher's support and passage back overland have also been granted by ladies in England, but the Burmese and Shan Training School is entirely disconnected from the Karen Institute, and everything will have to be kept wholly separate.

During the last four years, *God, the Mighty God of Jacob, who still doeth wonders among the heathen*, has brought into existence the Female Institute, for the seven Karen clans of Tounghoo. He has also granted the house and land for a Burmese and Shan school. The Institute is now, I trust, firmly established; and the large teak-wood building which the Karens have been aiding me to erect for them, is ere this, I hope, completed.

In order that this undertaking might in no way affect the treasury of the A. B. M. Union; and in order that I might give all the property over to the Karens, and thereby make it *self-supporting*,—I engaged not to receive any aid for seven years from March, 1857, from any Baptist in the United States, either for myself or for the Karen Institute, supposing it would take seven years to get it firmly established. That work is already, through God's great mercy, accomplished, so that there is no longer this reason for declining it, but there is my pledge. An expedient has however occurred to me, and I have acted accordingly. I now take my support from the Union, and shall seek the same amount annually, and pay it into the treasury of the Union. I do this because some make this an excuse for not helping to evangelize the women of Burmah, and I would gladly remove all stumbling blocks.

Concerning the Burmese Training or Normal School I never made any pledge, that I am aware of, nor concerning any other except the one mentioned. I have asked the Secretary of our Union if I might accept voluntary assistance for this school, or another Karen school, on the same plan, and I understood him to express perfect willingness. I should not wish, however, to receive anything which would deduct from the annual contributions to the mission.

I have come home for teachers for these two schools, and, if it please God, my own daughter will return with me and take charge of the Institute, her outfit and passage being all provided in England.

I have come home overland for *teachers* and *Bible Readers*—not to see the world—any more than I remained in New York to see that little part of it four years ago. I did stop in New York “four weeks, on expense,” but solely in behalf of dear children, whose father was too sick to help them, and whose mother was in heaven—and the whole expense was borne by myself alone.

So now I came home the quickest way possible ; because I left my dear husband without a child with him ; because I couldn’t work on longer alone efficiently ; and because there are several very important matters concerning Burmese persecution of the Karens, with which I chance to be particularly acquainted, and these are to be settled by the Commissioner of Pegu in December or January next. Knowing that there would be some to complain, I asked no Society to help me, but advanced my own widow’s mite, almost every dollar I had for my little boy’s education, to pay our expenses home, and support myself and children while in this country. If it please God, in whom alone I trust, to return this for him I shall be very thankful. If not I and my boy will bear it. I thank God that he has his own sainted father’s heart, and is ready for sacrifice.

But there is another work separate from these schools, in which I do earnestly wish the ladies of this Christian land would take an interest, for it does seem to me of the deepest importance. It is that of *sending female Bible Readers to the heathen women of Tounghoo*—or by some means instructing them in a knowledge of the Sacred Scriptures.

I find many on this side of the world who think Burmah is already evangelized. A sad mistake ! It is estimated that there are in Burmah, under English rule, some *three millions of females*. Among these, about 35,000 Karen females have, we trust, renounced their heathen rites, and received teachers ; but among the Burmese and Talaings it is believed there are not more than *one thousand*, at most, at all under Christian instruction.

Bible Societies send Bibles, Tract Societies send tracts, and Mission Societies send missionaries, *but all for the men*. Christians have apparently thought to convert the men first and the women afterwards, as the Indian said his people did :

“ When we Indian begin white man’s custom, we begin like greenhorn woodman, said an eloquent Cherokee : “ We hitch the chain to the top end of the log. We build big school-house, and put in all boys. By and by our young chiefs come out like white men. Then they say ‘ Where our wives ? Ignorant squaw not love books. She love big moose. We not learn books.’

“ Then chiefs say : ‘ We no pull this way. We hitch to the lower end. Then we build bigger house, we put in all girls.’

“ ‘ Ah ! ’ say the young hunters, ‘ Now we study. Brave not know books, squaw not know brave.’ Then up come old hickory.”

So Government supports two boys’ schools in Burmah and none for girls, and yet were all the young men of the land to receive each a thorough secular education, and should Government continue its boys’ schools for fifty years, at a cost of lacs of rupees, still if nothing is done for girls, they must marry uneducated, heathen wives, who will be sure to instruct their children in all the national prejudices and superstitions, and so error will be perpetuated.

No land probably east of the Levant presents so great encouragement to efforts in behalf of female elevation as this, because here woman is not secluded as in other Asiatic lands, but is left free to follow her own will. But alas for freedom when the mind and heart are left uncultured. Instead of that grateful reverence which woman owes to man for lifting from her the crushing burden of seclusion, and which the refined and educated delight to give, Burmese women are haughty, bold, and supremely selfish.

All know woman in Burmah, her unbounded influence, yet deplorable degradation, her strength of character, yet almost utter ignorance of letters, her persuasive grace and courtesy, yet

most corrupted morals and ungoverned passions. No goddess of mercy to kiss away the tear from the eye of the unfortunate is woman in Burmah, but the chief supporter of all lying, all deception, all revelling, all idolatry.

But educate the women of this land. Create in their minds a thirst for knowledge, a love for an enlightened Government, and who will say you do not command the pulse of the nation ?

Do I over-estimate the influence of woman in pagan lands ? Let the experienced rulers of those lands and other men of thought and observation decide.

“It is the ignorance and superstitious zeal of the women and their powerful influence upon their families, that in reality constitutes the stronghold of Hindoo idolatry.”—[*Rev. J. Ulman*.

At the regatta, the buffalo fight, and the gaming table, woman is the principal wrangler, leaving her own household to suffer, and to bear the weight of her angry passions, if she loses her bet. She is the *business* person of the land, carrying on nearly all the trade of the country. She, too, is the *educator* of Burmah. It is *woman* who instructs the young all about nats, ghosts, witches, and all manner of superstition. It is *woman* who tramples on the white book, and gives her son the palm leaf. It is *woman* who cannot let the earth revolve. It is *woman* who teaches the tottling child to tug up its dress full of sand every night for the pagoda. It is *woman* who climbs long weary steps to lay her offering before the god, and it is *woman*, whether in the metropolis or jungle *chevaux de frise*, who excites discord, fans the flame of rebellion, and overturns dynasties. There, is therefore, more hope in laboring for the women of Burmah than for those of other pagan lands, for she can and *must* rise ; and from being the votary of self, the fosterer of crime, she may become, with God's blessing, the renovator of Burmah, arching every threshold with the roses of virtue, peace, and love, and inspiring her sons with the holiest purposes.

If the women are educated, Burmah is educated. If they are Christianized, Burmah is Christianized.

The reason Burmah is not converted is because the women are not, and the reason the women are not converted is because they *do not understand*.

It is not because they are so bigoted that they will not listen. Mrs. Ingalls and Mrs. Knapp will not tell you so. But it is because they *don't understand*, or at least this is a great hindrance.

I had once been talking all day to the Burmese women of Tounghoo, as they crowded our verandah, troop after troop, until I could scarcely speak a loud word, when I called Mr. Mason's assistant and asked him to talk to them. He did so, with great eloquence and earnestness, but they only sat and *stared*.

Feeling distressed at their idle gaze, I inquired "Why do you not understand?"

"Oh, *we can't* understand," the most intelligent one replied; "Moung Shwa Moung is like Mount Meru. He knows everything, *but he can't talk woman talk*."

And this is just the trouble. The native preachers have not the patience to sit down and say one simple truth over and over. If you would have Burmah redeemed unto the Lord, *send women to women*, and let them teach them the *A B C* of Christianity.

There ought to be immediately fifty women appointed to this work. Five native readers, with one foreigner, might take each a district, and work thoroughly from door to door, from house to house, from hamlet to hamlet, for five years, then, *possibly*, Burmah might be getting ready for the millennium.

One year I visited about 150 Burmese women at their own houses, such as would not go to the missionary. On one of these excursions, I went to a door where three fruit women were conversing: "*Thwa! thwa! Go! go!*" was the immediate reception, waving us away with the hand. The heat was intense, and we felt ready to sink, but at that moment the awful judgment rose so vividly before me, I could not move, but stood there saying, in conciliatory tones, that we had come all the way from home on foot to tell them of a Friend who loved them.

"Jesus Christ?" they inquired with infinite scorn. "We want nothing of your Jesus Christ."

We went on, however, telling them of the soul, of their dan-

ger, and of the atonement, and finally the hard features of the orange woman began to relax :

"Don't know, don't know," she muttered in a low voice ; "our father, grand-father, grand-mother all go this way," and she drew back a little from the door.

"Come in," she said, but her companions were in no haste, so my interpreter continued, for I could not speak Burmese :

"Ah, we are all sinners," she replied, "but there's no use troubling ourselves now."

"Sit down," said the citron woman. "It's very hot," and gladly we accepted the tardy hospitality. But one kept her hold upon the door, saying she would worship Gaudama as long as she lived.

"Hush ! hush !" murmured the citron woman, "we know nothing. All is dark. We are children lost in the jungle."

Two weeks after this, as we passed down the street, the orange woman hailed us to know if we had brought "The Book," a tract which had been read to them on the first visit. The woman seemed to cling to this tract ; but the third time she appeared indifferent. Feeling very sad, I rose, inquiring if she desired Christians to visit her no more. "No, teacheress," she exclaimed with emphasis, "*I am thinking.*"

O how often have those words brought comfort ! When the cold "Go" has met me ; when the loud laugh of derision has rung after me ; when traversing mountains and burning sands ; when making our way through stifling crowds until our feet were blistered, and we have sunk speechless at our door ; *then* has echoed around us : "BURMAH is THINKING !"

And when in Christian lands we have met the nerveless hand, the cold eye, the heartless tone, *then* have fallen so soothingly the words :

"BURMAH *is thinking.*"

It was one morning while visiting these women that I met an aged heathen, a person of uncommon mind, who had been and still was a most devout Buddhist :

“Don’t tell me. I can’t learn your prayer. I’m too old. Your Jesus don’t know me. I’ve worshipped Gaudama. I’ve done good. I’ve fed the priests. I’ve built a kyoung. If I take another now I shall fall between the two. No, no. Let me alone. I am an old woman. If I am lost, I am lost.”

“Hush ! hush !” she cried, as we continued pleading : “Tell me not,” she exclaimed in a loud voice : “Tell me not. Had I heard when young I might have believed, but Loonbie ! Loonbie !—*too late, too late.*”

The scene was intensely thrilling ; and suggested the following lines, which are addressed to those who, by neglecting to engage in mission work, are sending before them up to the judgment, that mournful burthen—“*Loonbie ! Loonbie !*”

Come and Weep.

Come ye and weep where the Tempter broods,
 With his idol groups in their dim solitudes ;
 Hovering low round pagod fanes,
 O'er victim crowds in stains and chains :
 Ah, gaze ye down as the old, the gay,
 Convulsive press to their Buddh to pray.

Pause with us here while grisly death
 Slowly draws the quivering breath—
 Point ye to life, to the realms above ?
 Tell ye of Christ, of pitying love ?
 Too late ! too late ! one stifling cry
 Rings of the heathen's agony.

Bend o'er her now as the clay-links start,
 Quick breathe the prayer of thy bursting heart,
 For she goes, though her grasp to th' earth is clinging,
 While the funeral knell in her ear is ringing ;
 While thickening mists are her senses steeping,
 And blue grave hues o'er her fingers creeping.

Mark now th' eye so fixed and appalling,
 The laboring pulse heaving and falling,
 The trembling drops all coldly shrouding—
 The shuddering look, the spectres crowding—
 She's crossing alone death's deep, dark river,
Parting from hope for ever and ever !

One struggle more, the last life-token—
 A hollow moan, a sigh half broken—
 But see ! she springs ! her black lips quiver !
 " My gods !" a shriek—a gasp—a shiver—
 Hold, Death ! Hold ! One moment free !
 O Mercy ! sunk in ETERNITY !

Speaking of the lost state of the millions of Burmah, one day, a lady turned quickly and asked :

“Why ! didn’t Mrs. Judson, and the *three* Mrs. Judson do a great deal for the Burman women ?”

All such I would answer by questions : Did not the Apostle Paul do a great deal for Greece ; yet was Greece converted ?

Did not Phebe leave her country, go all the way to Rome and labor for Italy ? Did not Priscilla, and Mary and Urbane, and Tryphena and Tryphosa, and Julia, and Nereus’ sister, all labor for the Roman women ? and did not the “beloved Persis labor *much* in the Lord” for the same people, yet in their day were the women of that single city converted ?

The three Mrs. Judson, and Mrs. Wade, Mrs. Kincaid, Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. Coleman, Mrs. H. M. Mason, Mrs. Hancock, Mrs. Abbott, Mrs. Howard, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Stilson, Mrs. Haswell, Mrs. Stevens, the two Mrs. Ingalls, Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Knapp, and Mrs. Crawley and Mrs. Douglass, have all followed the beloved Persis, and done great things for Burmah, yet the human heart is the same now as it was in A. D. 60.

People in Christian lands often forget the inexpressible difference between being born and bred up Christians and being born and educated as heathen. The amount of labor too, required to enlighten a heathen mind, is often entirely misapprehended, and so it is thought: “Why, missionaries have been in Burmah these forty years, and those Burman women whom you talk about have the Bible in their own language, and might believe if they would.”

True, they have it in their own language, but I think I should be right in saying that not one Burman woman in a hundred can read it at all. How then should they believe ? And the few who can read how are they to understand with no one to read over the Scriptures with them, or clear away one of their difficulties ?

There was the wife of a Burman school-master in my Bible class one day, an interesting woman, and we were on the history of the apostle Paul. The woman desired her husband to explain. He did so, and told the story of Paul’s conversion thus :

“Saulu was a bad man—a very bad man, a very bad man, who shut up the *Dabedaus* (disciples,) in prison ; and one day

when he was going to town to take some of 'em, Jesus Christ met him and struck him right in the face, which made him blind for three days! Served him right, too!"

"Oh no," interrupted the assistant, "Jesus Christ didn't strike him."

"Then may be 'twas Mahnat (the devil)," suggested the wife; and there it would have ended had there been no teacher present, for he was perfectly sincere in his relation; and, of course, without instruction, the heathen will attribute the same low revengeful feelings to our Saviour that they have themselves.

Toung-hoo is about as large a province as the State of Massachusetts, and ought to have a whole company of teachers; but it is one of the most difficult things to find assistants in the Burmese department. Only a very few Burmese converts can be induced to leave their homes and go forth as missionaries. I see no way but for laborers here to go forth and raise up assistants for themselves; but I should hope that as many as *four* native assistant women might be found to commence with for Toung-hoo, if there can be any head foreign readers to superintend and go with them.

I long to have something tried for these almost forgotten women, and see if God will not accept it. Surely Christ did for some of the 25,000 heathen women of Toung-hoo and the millions beyond, and I long to go myself for two or three years among them, although I go as the weakest of his laborers. It is to me a most solemn and painful thought that has caused me hours of weeping, that I am such a blunderer in my Master's vineyard—such a slow learner, and I never enter my school-room or an assembly of the chiefs in Toung-hoo without trembling lest I should kill as many plants as I should save for him; yet a dear loving voice seems to whisper: "Fear not, *I am with thee.*"

There should be two foreign ladies at least in this department one, for the Burmese and one for the *Shans*.

The *Shans* seem to me to be a more interesting race than the Burmese. They are the merchant princes of Burmah, and come down in great numbers from Monay, Labong and Zimmay, to all

the sea-ports of Burmah. Every year they come pouring down the mountains all over the land, bringing precious stones, chinese cloths, their own nice lackered boxes, silver-hafted knives, sugar, stricklac, and they supply a great part of Burmah with their spades and dahs. Cows, too, in great numbers, and their ponies are sought for all over Burmah.

Now I do not imagine that these traders would very readily receive Christianity because they mingle so much with the Burmese, and their minds are so full of schemes for getting rich. But the great mass of quiet agriculturalists and herdsmen, if they could be reached in their own homes, might be more willing to listen and believe, and possibly the women might be still more so.

If a Christian lady who could speak their language was to go among the Shan women, I have no doubt but some would embrace the truth. They are a neglected people. No missionary ever dwelt among them. Probably Dr. Brown, of New York, knows as much or more of this people than any other person, but I am not aware that any missionary is able, or ever has been, to converse with them in their own language.

A year ago we sent out, for six months, one of our best Karen preachers, who spoke Burmese, supported by Mrs. Milne, now of Scotland, to those hundreds who pitched their caravansaries in Tounghoo, and they have ever since inquired for their friend the *Sahya*. Some of their women have visited me, and seemed to listen with interest, but the women understand but little Burmese.

It may not be generally known, but I believe it is true that in the wonderful work of God among the Karen tribes, *the women have generally been first to come forward, first to receive the teacher, first to renounce their superstitions, and first to profess Christ.*

These Shans come down to Tounghoo in great numbers. They have a flourishing village there, and their friends plant their caravans there for several months every year.

I once met a large company of them with their wives, on the plains of Tounghoo. They had just come down from their own country. I thought the women exceedingly beautiful, far more so than the Burmese, and their dress was more like Karen.

They all wore black turbans, and seemed gratified with the little attentions I gave them.

They are a broken nation, like the Karens, no longer having a King of their own, but paying a tribute to foreigners, and they seem to feel their degradation deeply.

In the cities, they are Buddhists, having kyoungs, priests, and books of their own, but Buddhism is not their native religion, and the Karens say that in the mountains they do not worship Gaudama, but make sacrifices much like themselves.

They have several independent States adjoining the Red Karen territory, or near it, on the East, and God has already planted his light house right upon their borders on the Red Karen hills.

Mr. Mason has just written me : "I have lately heard one item of much interest to me, from the Red Karen country, and that is, the Eastern Red Karens, who are under Burmese influence, are very anxious to have *Bau-a*, (Mrs. Milne's Bghai Karen Missionary from Tounghoo) go and teach school among them. He has now a large school in a village as far beyond Kaypo-gyee, the western saubwa, as Tee-tu-poo is from town. (two days travel.)"

This old Kaypo-gyee is an independent Prince, having one of the most charming countries, full of teak trees, on the lofty table land of the Salwen. All the Red Karens are estimated at about 200,000 ; and they have traditions of *Se-a-pay*, whom they say created the world and to whom they make sacrifices. Mr. Mason thinks this name is *Jehovah*. They came down from China or Tartary, they say, forty generations ago, and they are quite Shan-like, having mingled so much with them.

The Saubwa Kaypo-gyee, with his son, the heir apparent, have called for female teachers. He writes me that if I will send him two girls from the Female Institute at Tounghoo, he will give them every protection, and cause his young women to learn books. Mr. Mason has once visited this land, and is waiting for me to accompany him on another visit when it would not be very difficult to penetrate to the Shan women beyond.

I scarcely know which is needed most, the school teachers mentioned for these women or the Bible Readers. Both are needed at the same time, and they would help each other inexpressibly. The Readers would, if discreet, loving and patient, wind their way among the mothers, while the school would enlist the sympathies of the young women, and their male relatives.

Mr. Mason had often spoken on the subject of Bible Readers in Tounghoo, and the desirableness of starting out a company of native females into the work, to go from house to house, from hamlet to hamlet, to reach and explain the Scriptures directly to the women. But as I was compelled to leave unexpectedly, no plan was matured.

I had determined, however, that if God prospered the undertaking, to get out teachers for the two schools; I would then, Providence permitting, enter into the work of Bible reading among the Burmese and Shan women.

On reaching London, I met dear Mrs. Ranyard,—the L. N. R., of “The Missing Link,” “The Book and its Story,” &c., and conversation with her strengthened me to make an application to the ladies at once.

It is most wonderful how much good God has enabled this self-sacrificing laborer and her friends to accomplish.

One hundred ladies have joined her as Managers or Superintendents. These ladies each select from among the uneducated class the best women they can find, and send them out to read the Bible and sell them to their own class. They have now two hundred such Bible Women in England, Ireland, Scotland and France, and they are meeting with unheard of success. God is crowning the work with his own blessing, stamping upon it his unreserved approbation. And why? Because they all go praying, *leaning* upon the strength of God.

But were those one hundred lady Superintendents to leave the field where would it be? They are the Engineers of this work—down below, out of sight—but tending the fires, watching the pressure, and keeping all in motion.

They have found that lower strata, on which they are working, as our Saviour found it, and have gone to work as he did, administering both to the mind and body. Mrs. Ranyard told me they

made soups for the poor in the winter, and sold it to them very low, and in such a way that the poorest could have his bowlful for some trifling service, and while one is serving the soup others serve them with portions of God's Word. Then these lady Superintendents have tea-meetings without number, and sewing-meetings, and clothing-meetings. Besides the ladies must first instruct their readers every week or day in the Scriptures, in teaching, in meekness, in manner, in helping the sick, and sympathizing with all suffering; and above all teach them to lean only on God—but to lean without doubting. They must also pay these Bible Women, who give up their time to this work, and keep an account with each one.

Now it is just such an organization that is needed for the heathen women of Tounghoo. A part of this corps of Superintendents should be here and a part there, in the field, and those who go forth should also be able to prescribe for the sick. I don't see why one hundred ladies of this country should not combine their sympathies and energies together in the same work, sending two of the number to get out and direct native female readers in Tounghoo, while the others work in the different cities here at home. Those here could conduct a little monthly, and we'd talk across the waters, and cheer up each other.

These lady readers or superintendents in England, publish a monthly of their own, conducted by dear Mrs. Ranyard, so that they can all communicate with one another, and God sends them funds to the amount of 35,000 dollars the year.

NOTE.—There are two hundred women, drawn from the poor, who, among the worst and most miserable, read the Scriptures, sell copies of the Bible, (not giving, as that tends to pauperize and degrade,) at the rate of one penny per week or more, pray with the women whom they visit—who, expecting them at any time, have got into habits of cleanliness, both as to house and person, quite unknown before. Each of these women is paid a stated sum weekly, has a district of her own, and is under the eye of, and responsible to a lady superintendent. Of this lady class of workers there are now one hundred engaged. They are truly of that "upper working class" to which Lord Shaftesbury says he belongs. These new workers have been raised up in a wonderful way, are doing a wonderful work, and are effecting wonderful results, social, moral and spiritual, such as will yet astonish the world.—[*Scottish Guardian*.]

There is one strong argument in favor of this undertaking. It would not, or ought not to come into collision with any existing societies, or with any missionaries. I ask to have the experiment tried only in Tounghoo, where I know the missionaries would hail it with delight. Some of the great missionary bodies do not wish to send out any single ladies, do not desire the services of ladies, and do not recognize them, either as missionaries, assistant missionaries, teachers, or readers.

It was only a day or two ago that I met a lone widow from the interior of India. She had the language well, was in perfect health, and would gladly lay down her life for the heathen, yet she is called home, simply because she is a widow.

I do not think it true what is asserted in Europe that females have not so much freedom in the States as in England, or that those of my own denomination have less than those of other churches. In no part of the world have I seen gentlemen more courteous or considerate towards ladies than in my native land. It is true the ladies of America do not think and act for themselves as our sisters do over the Atlantic, nor as freely as we did a few years ago. In this great missionary enterprise, women seem to have thrown all the toil and care on to the men, taking themselves much the same place that they do among the Karens.

I was in the mountains one Sabbath day, and noticed that none but men came up into the chapel. I inquired of the chiefs where the women were.

"They're here," he answered, pointing over to another narrow floor, about two feet below the one on which the men were seated. And sure enough there they were huddled together, with their little ones, and the young women, like a timid flock of sheep in a corner. I immediately stepped out saying :

"I am a woman. These are my sisters. If they sit down there I shall sit there with them. Upon this the chiefs in great astonishment, called them all up to sit down by them. But they refused, declaring it was their custom, and they didn't wish to change places, because *they must put on better dresses if they went up there, and of course would have to work harder !*

It is as plain as daylight that God has given to man the sceptre of *authority* and to woman the wand of *love* and *humility*. Who would exchange them ? Certainly not we in heathen lands. Let the brethren take the authority, and use it too. We couldn't revere them a bit if they didn't. But they do not ask us to sit down on the door sill. They are ashamed of us if we do it. If we ask it meekly, will they not give us an humble place beside them, where we can work for our heathen sisters—we care not how unseen—but as *accountable* and *individual* beings. Could sons of the Pilgrim mothers refuse us ?

My husband says woman's mind is more fruitful in suggestion than that of man, but it wants man's head to carry out. I think he's right, and more, it is woman's greatest happiness to feel that man is her director and guide. But to make her really happy or useful in this world, she must feel that she is in some way *necessary* to the happiness of her brothers. If they cast her off—say they have nothing in the world for her to do, and no place for her labors, she feels forsaken.

Sometimes indeed the thought arises that we are forsaken here in this bright land, for where now are the Ladies' Missionary Societies, which certainly did stir up to activity, faith and prayer ? Vanished. Where the funds which a few years ago ladies contributed and disbursed for themselves ? Given to the agents, and often with but little interest, little love. I don't say *claimed* by the agents or pastors for I don't believe there is an enlightened pastor in the States who would not rejoice to have the good old ways revived. They know how much their own hands were strengthened.

Where now the female missionaries as in the days of Ann H. Judson and Harriet Newel ? Vanished—although missionary "*wives*" have the same work to do that they had when they were "*missionaries*."

Where the letters of women laboring in heathen lands to their sisters at home ? Vanished. And why ?

Because missionary ladies generally don't like to talk their "*women talk*," even if they could, through periodicals designed only for the higher use of men, and conducted solely by men.

It is brought as an objection to sending out young women and widows, that the Church anciently chose only such as were sixty years old. By that time they might be very infirm and need a pension or support from the Church. It would seem as if that was the thought. But they were not to receive any such attentions, unless they had all those years of widowhood “relieved the afflicted, and *diligently followed every good work.*” Of course enlightening her pagan sisters came into the “every” catalogue, especially as these instructions were given for women surrounded by heathen.

I do not believe the apostle who recommended Phebe as one who had helped a great many, would cut off all widows or single ladies, for his counsel is : “I say to the *unmarried and widows*, it is good for them if they abide even as I.” Why ? Because “The unmarried woman careth for the things of the Lord, that she may be holy both in body and spirit,” implying certainly, that she would have more time and opportunity to work for the church than a married lady.

Some hesitate and object on the ground that young ladies will perhaps wish to change their situation, even before they can do much good. To guard against this, let them engage on the same terms that they do under the Ladies' Society in England, that *if they desire to leave the work within five years, they shall be at liberty to do so, but shall refund to the Society the costs of sending them out.* This secures both parties from any unpleasantness, and the Secretary of the English Society says :

“The experience of the Committee has amply justified the adoption of this rule. It has invariably been found that those agents who have appeared the most eminently suitable and devoted, have been the most ready and forward to accede to the engagement, and have hailed it as a means of silencing all insinuations of having acted under the influence of worldly and selfish calculations. The sums already restored to this Society in this manner amount to £1614.”

Some of these ladies I have met in Calcutta and Madras, and I have invariably found that if they had settled there they had done it for the glory of God, and were now laboring with their husbands just as devotedly as they were before.

Ladies in England have had a Society these twenty-five years expressly for sending out and sustaining single ladies to work for heathen women, and they have already themselves sent some two hundred into the field, at a cost of many thousands of pounds. It is the "Society for Promoting Female Education in the East," suggested by the sainted Abbel, and encouraged by the Hon'ble Baptist Noel, which has its headquarters in London, but auxiliaries in almost all the great cities in Great Britain and some in Germany. The Societies' operations are conducted entirely by ladies, and it has teachers in China, Burmah, Africa, Egypt, Turkey, and very many parts of India.

These ladies publish a Female Missionary Intelligencer.

"Who but a woman," asks the Hon'ble B. Noel, "can understand the heart of woman, and enter into all her difficulties and discouragements, and bestow the tender consideration and the appropriate direction she requires? A society of ladies has this additional advantage that it can carry on its deliberations, and execute its plans in a quiet unobtrusive manner, suited to the subordinate and retired position of the objects of its solicitude."

"Even were the existing missionary societies able, which they acknowledge they are not, to bestow upon this branch of the work all the time and money, and exertion that it deserved it would still be advisable to adopt the principle for which we plead—that of a *division of labor*."

This necessity has now been recognized and admitted throughout Great Britain, and there are now three large *parent* societies—one for all denominations, the oldest and largest; one for the Free Church of Scotland and one for the Methodist Church of Ireland.

This too opens a channel of communication between them and those who go forth; while here in America there is nothing of

the kind, and ladies working abroad have no means of communicating with those working at home for the same object. At least I know of none in this country.

The following sweet words are from our sisters over the water :

“Thousands are now eager and willing to listen to the gospel message, to whom as yet it comes not. Why? Because Christ's followers are too straitened in heart, too cold in zeal, to spread abroad those tidings? It may be that some, while professing much, hold back because that blessed message has never been really received by themselves; but to those who *have* been taught to call Him by that sweet word, “Rabboni,” “*My* Master,” does not that same voice call, to bid them hasten, (as Mary did from the sepulchre) to tell others the news which has made them glad?

“Too often content with enjoying His salvation themselves, they forget to arise and seek to make it known to others; and many whose sympathies and efforts are ever ready for their own neighbors and countrymen, are slow to extend them to those of distant lands. Yet the message is for those poor neglected ones, as truly as for ourselves and our neighbors; and could we once figure to our minds the state of the benighted, oppressed, suffering women of India, Burmah, China, or Africa, and think of the helpless and forsaken ones who might have lived and died faithful and joyful followers of Jesus, but that *we* were slow to convey to them the tidings—that many of our dark sisters may reproach us one day in the words of the poor Karen woman: “Why did no one come to tell this before?” Oh, let us press onward not discouraged by the “many adversaries” we must needs expect to find, adversaries without and within, “in nothing discouraged,” but secure in the knowledge that God is with us, and that His cause must triumph at last!”

The Secretary, Miss Anne Rosamond Webb, who wrote the above, is a most devoted laborer for heathen women.

She writes me, “How glad I should be if our friends in America would form a sister Society to correspond with us on this all-important subject of emancipating heathen women.”

It is of course known to all, that the Protestant Missions in Burmah are connected with the Am. Bap. Miss. Union, but need this hinder our sisters of other denominations from joining in this blessed and deeply interesting work ?

God has opened a great and most encouraging field in Burmah, especially in Tounghoo. He has sent out his Gospel Rangers, His translators, printers, and school-book makers, and now every thing is ready for Bible-women and female teachers to enter in, and I do not believe there could be one noble-minded leader of the Union, of the American Board, or of any other of the great Societies, who would raise a single objection, as we would all act *together* as an auxiliary to the Tounghoo Mission. Ladies could then direct their own funds, and send out *their own sex to their own sex*, holding direct communication with them, and yet, under the patronage of gentlemen.

This is *martyr* work, but in all martyr work let us ask a share, and I am sure they'll give it to us. There is missionaries' work which woman cannot and ought not to do. There is, too, mission work that man cannot do without *coming down* from his higher calling and degrading himself.

I mentioned working *together*, because I really can see no good reason why we should not. It is not *sectarianism* that is wanted for the nations, but a knowledge of Christ crucified and his precious promises impressed on the mind and heart.

There are very many daughters of Missionaries, eight or ten of whom I know personally, who are longing to return to Burmah and instruct those heathen women—young ladies admirably qualified for the work, some of whom even now speak the language, and would be so thankful for the opportunity of going. It seems a very hard thing that they must be denied the privilege. Only the other day, a returned Missionary wrote me that two of her daughters were very desirous of going back to teach the Burmese women. They were well prepared, and she wished to know if there was no Ladies' Society that would send them.

May I not, then, appeal to the ladies of Christian America, of all denominations, and ask if there are not some who will rejoice to aid in this important and hopeful work? Are there not some who will feel it a *privilege* to give it their sympathies, their prayers, and their money? Are there not some who will combine together and send in each, one dollar for this purpose, or female societies already existing who will take it up, and send out these daughters who are longing to go? Are there not some who would be glad to have each one star in their crowns from Tounghoo?

I appeal to my native land—to Baptists and to those who are not Baptists—to members of churches and those who are not members. I appeal to the young converts,—to all who love Christ and who are awaiting the benediction: “She hath done what she could.” I appeal to you because it is peculiarly a work for *women*. Because it is a great work, and needs great hearts and great *endurance*.

Since coming home I have had letters from several friends expressing their warm sympathies in the undertaking, and hopefulness of its result.

One kind friend writes me that she apprehends the only obstacle with her Society will be the *different versions* of the Scriptures.

Would I could annihilate all hindrances to the emancipation of our pagan sisters. Sometimes when I think what trifles break the flow of holy sympathy, I long for Heaven where creeds and differences will vanish away. For my own part, I would put a Douay Bible into the hands of a heathen if I could get no other, and should hope he’d get light enough to save him, too. In Tounghoo the converts know only one broad mark—“*Is he a disciple, or is he not?*”

Of course it would be ruinous to set these young converts to disputing about the different versions of God’s Holy Word, but Mr. Mason is translating into Bghai many portions of the Scriptures for the Calcutta Bible Society, which is auxiliary to the Brit. and For. Bible Soc. He does not translate the whole for

them, but many parts. And what I propose is this—that if any of the sisters, not connected with the Baptists, will unite in this work, Mr. Mason will select from the Burmese Bible the same portions which the Brit. and For. Bible Soc. patronizes in Karen. These could easily be bound together, and the Readers should limit their distribution and their readings entirely to those parts ; *and these contain knowledge enough to save any heathen soul from death.*

That sainted Father, Bishop Wilson, whose heart was as large as the world, made some striking remarks one morning while I was breakfasting with him, about as follows : “I used to think we must keep to the old ways, but I have come to the conclusion that Christians ought to work together in everything just as far as they can, and in sympathies and labors for the heathen it is our *privilege* to be united.” And he acted in accordance with his high-minded sentiments, for he immediately handed me a check for a hundred rupees to my contemplated school. If the ladies would take up this subject, I know Mr. Mason and Mr. Cross would be delighted to keep them informed of the progress of their sappers and miners among the powers of darkness.

It will not be asked in Heaven whether the Tounghoo women were saved by Episcopalians or Congregationalists, Dutch Reformed, Presbyterians, Methodists or Baptists, but all may be sure, if they’ve any stars there, they’ll be set up in their crowns of glory. Friends in India, don’t ask this question, for the work of evangelizing Tounghoo has been supported almost entirely by Christian Officers and Civilians who were no Baptists at all.

Another friend writes : “If there were women on the ground, he feels sure the ladies of his Society would undertake their support to almost any number, ‘but to what extent they will assume the responsibility of *sending out women* for the purpose, I cannot,” he says, “conjecture.” I answer, the women are *not* on the ground—that is, only a very few. Female Readers *must go and raise up the native helpers*—and if this cannot be done, I despair of all hope for the women of Tounghoo, and the words of the poor Burman will be made true, who came several miles

to hear of Christ, on our first going to that region. After listening with patient attention for more than an hour, she replied :

"I think—I think I shall believe—your words sound good. Somehow they seem to make my heart light. But you are going away. How can we believe ? If there was only somebody to instruct us. The sun has risen a little way up, but when you leave, it will sink back, *and all is gone.*"

Oh, can I ever forget that heathen woman as she gazed upward, with tears falling down her care-worn face ? Or the utter hopelessness of her eye when her hands fell drooping in the attitude of despair, as she uttered "*All is gone !*"

Oh, my God, let not the blood of these heathen mothers and daughters be found on me ! Let them not cry to me in the great assembling of eternity !

In less than one hundred years these troops of interesting women, who came to see me, will be *dead*—all the 25,000 Burmese, Shan and Talaing women of Tounghoo will be *dead*—the three millions of heathen women in Burmah will be *dead*—I shall be *dead*—you will be *dead*—the members of your churches and societies will be *dead*—and what a meeting shall we have if we let them perish !

Why will not the young converts enlist in this plan for the redemption of their pagan sisters ? Within two or three years God has so greatly blessed America ! I appeal to you, Christian sisters, if he has not greatly blessed *you* ? and would it not be delightful now to make him a thank-offering ?

When the Lord forgave Mannassah, he not only cast away his idols, but he brought a thank-offering to the Lord. Perhaps you have already made your thank-offerings. So had Jacob built a great many altars, but when God told him, after a great deliverance, to go and build another altar right *in the midst of the heathen*, he did it—that *they* might hear of his Wonderful Deliverer.

I can never think of thank-offerings, but that beautiful story of Hannah comes up.

When God heard her prayer, and granted her petition, she didn't forget it. See her carrying her darling boy—as soon as ever he was weaned—up to the temple, and leaving him there *as a loan to the Lord!* How lovely! And Elkanah, wasn't he a noble soul? “Do what seemeth thee good,” he says so *trustingly* to his wife—and he didn't forbid her the bullocks, or the flour, or the wine.

Then how light that mother's heart, as she started off to carry the little fellow his pretty coat every year! and what tears of holy joy must have filled her eyes as she remembered that her thank-offering to God was something that she valued as her own life.

It wouldn't require but 2,000 names to do all that I have asked for Tounghoo. If just 2,000 women would start out on the one dollar system—make an extra loan to the Lord of \$1 00 a piece, and then bring up their *little coats* of a dollar each without fail *every year*, the work would be done. They could send out and support two Bible Readers from this country who could reach Rangoon in *eight weeks*—who would go with the four native readers *for them*—with *their* messages right to the doors of those heathen women, and *continue* going, for they wouldn't have to leave the work as mothers do to attend to other business. And they could send with them a teacher for the Burmese Training School, and support her with two assistants permanently.

Oh, if Christian ladies would take hold of this work just *for five years*—I ask only to have it tried for five years—with earnestness, with perseverance, with faith, and prayer—would they not dig up some precious jewels from Tounghoo for their Master? Yes, verily—for “As the rain cometh down and returneth not again, but watereth the earth and maketh it bring forth and bud, so shall *My Word* be, and it *shall prosper* in the thing whereto I sent it.”

I know that "The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God," and that all our plans, if we trust in them, are but spider's webs, but the 11th chapter of Hebrews was not given for nothing, and we have a COUNSELLOR the WONDERFUL.

"To them that have no might he increaseth strength," and

"Though he be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly."

The same God who said to a wrestling man, "I AM GOD ALMIGHTY," said "*Mary*" to a sorrowing woman. And

"*That I have spoken shall be performed,*" saith the

"FAITHFUL PROMISER."

Hear Dr. Duff's sentiments, addressing the Ladies' Foreign Missionary Society of Scotland :

"In the department of Female Education, whose intrinsic importance cannot be over-estimated, it will be seen that our Mission is at last beginning to make decided progress. At all our stations we have now one or more female schools, and I beg to be distinctly understood, that for these *not a single farthing is taken from the general Mission Fund*. It is due to the Ladies' Society that this fact should be clearly apprehended. That Society I have always regarded as a constituent member of our great Mission Scheme, without which we should now be painfully hobbling on one leg, instead of walking steadily on two. Your place now and your responsibilities in the great Mission Scheme of our Church, are clearly set before you. *You have undertaken to do for the one sex that which the Foreign Mission Scheme is doing for the other. There can be no more mistake about that now..* Without you the Mission would be one-sided

and incomplete. You supplement what was wanting to it. You act not in antagonism either abroad or at home to the other side of the Scheme. The funds of the foreign Mission and of your Society meet in the Treasuries of the Mission Boards abroad, and are thence distributed in fertilizing streams over that portion of the vineyard which is given to each to cultivate.

Realize then, Ladies, your high calling and the magnitude of your undertaking. Let the ladies, to whose devoted labors and patient continuance in well-doing, the Church is so much indebted for the maintenance and furtherance of all her schemes, not be wanting in this grace also, one of the most seemly and suitable they can possess—that of dedicating themselves, and their influence, and their means, *to rescue their own sex* from the thralldom of a cruel bondage and a degrading superstition. The work to be done is a great work, both at home and abroad. We want more givers. We want more collectors. We want more teachers. We want more prayers and perseverance, and working and praying, and praying and working, for this good cause.”

Dr. and Mrs. Duff are both engaged now in this work. He says : “Our school for high-caste Brahmin girls is coming up wonderfully. We have now fifty pupils, and opposition is breaking down.”

Every one knows that Dr. Duff is at the head of the great Duff Institution, for young men, and yet he can condescend to go to work for degraded women. The Lord bless him, and all those noble-souled brothers who are not ashamed to face opposition and help the weak.

Christian Mothers and their Children.

An Orient morn is gushing,
 O'er the hills and jungle glades,
 And an Orient sky is blushing
 Through the palm trees' lofty shades,
 Hear'st the roll of the Sepoy's drumming ?
 The bugle sounding loud ?
 With the hum of the maidens coming
 To the tank in a fawny crowd ?

Yes, with the home-tones blending,
 On the lawns and the ancient wall,
 While turbaned brows are bending,
 Where the coco shadows fall ;
 While silk *patsoes* are fluttering,
 And sandaled feet go by,
 And pagod bells are uttering
 New strains of minstrelsy.

And see now the bulbouls ranging,
 Brightening the mango trees ;
 While the sun-birds lightening, changing,
 Are wreathing the fragrant breeze.
 O yes, and the limes are blowing,
 And the champacs waving bright ;
 And the rivers in rainbows glowing,
 Are ringing : “ 'Tis light ! 'tis light ! ”

Yet we mothers heed little these pleasures,
 Our children are our dearest flowers,
 Our roses—our waters—our treasures—
 Soft claiming the loveliest hours.
 Nor do love-vigils ever fling o'er us
 Paleness or sorrowing ;
 'Tis the partings heart-breaking before us,
 That trembling and shadowing bring.

These dear little ones we so cherish,
Now flashing with love and delight,
O will they, when earth-treasures perish,
In bliss greet our fond eager sight ?
Or will our sweet flowers then be riven,
And scattered, lie withering away ?
Be torn from the glories of heaven,
Eternally banished from day ?

With fears and with yearnings here sighing,
We're waiting for pitying Love—
Save ! save them, O God ! we're crying
To bloom in thy gardens above !
And lo, while in agony pleading,
Faith clinging, though shattered and driven,
Love, pointing to Hands ever bleeding,
Soft whispers : “ *My jewels in heaven.* ”

Heathen Mothers and their Children.

Mournfully, fearfully,
Lonely, distrest,
Falteringly, tearfully,
Children unblest
Are seeking their rest,
With no mother's breast
To gladden their eyes,
Or quiet their sighs.
From the buffalo fight,
From bazaar or the race,
When almost night,
With a weary pace,
The mother comes home,
Her blood in a foam,
All anger and gloom,
Dread as a tomb !
Now, what screeching !
And tearful beseeching !
Neighbors flocking,
O, so shocking !

And now through the lattice
Look on the floor,
Where that old mat is,
Close by the door.
Quickly, for O !
A scene will appear,
Little Meemboo
Kneeling in fear !
See her lips tremble,
Her eyes how they stare !
And what may resemble
Her burnt matted hair ?

There ! there the dread mother
Screaming around—
The hard heathen mother,
While the poor little brother
Lies on the ground—
Crushed down to the ground.

O Saviour, appear !
Pity, and hear
The children's wild cry
Ascending the sky !
The soul-thrilling moans,
The deep muffled groans,
That roll o'er the strand
Of this guilty land !
Lo, yonder she drags
The child to a boat,
Flings her some rags,
And soon is afloat.
Where will she carry her
All in a shiver ?
Will she not bury her
Down in the river ?
No, no, she's meeting
And fiendfully greeting
A wretch in the wild !
Ha ! what is she telling ?
O God ! she's selling
Her poor little child !
Ah, will he then take her—
A lamb to the slaughter ?
And can she forsake her
Her own little daughter ?
Her *dear* little daughter ?
Departed—departed—
Meemboo's a *slave*,
To weep broken-hearted
Down to the grave---
Or with a brigand,

Away to his clan,
In the wild robber land
Of dark Martaban !^{*}
Again that mother
Turns to her boy,
Think of it sister,
Think of it brother,
A *mother* destroy !
She'll watch and she'll teach him
Compassion is vain,
Till no mercy can reach him,
And he'll revel in pain.
She'll learn him to fight,
She'll learn him deceit,
That hatred is right,
That revenge is sweet ;
She'll lead him to light
Never—O never—
But down into night,
Till he's lost forever,
Aye, forever !

*Meemboo was Mrs. Howard's pupil, having been redeemed out of slavery by the Rev. Mr. Howard, then of Maulmain, much to the chagrin of the cruel mother, who did herself sell her child to a man of the robber haunt of Martaban.

To the Editor of the Examiner :

Will you let me say a word to those sisters who have read the strictures in your paper on my appeal for Bible Readers for the women of Tounghoo, which I saw first to-day. If I knew who the friend was that wrote those strictures, I would go and see him, because a few points he has misapprehended. Tounghoo is a mission of itself, independent, as I have understood Mr. Mason, of all other missions. I did not suppose it was necessary to get the authority of other missions, especially as my husband was the only missionary in the Province when I left. The writer thinks I belong to a Karen mission only. I don't know how that is. I know Mr. Mason has always felt himself at liberty to work for the Burmese, and has done so very extensively, and he speaks the Burmese language as well as the Karen. Then again, there are 25,000 heathen women in Tounghoo, and not a soul to speak to them of a Saviour's love, or rescue them from the agonies of eternal death. I did not think it would be sinful in me to *try* to help them.

The writer says missionaries "*have* appropriations for native assistants." They have, it is true, all that the churches provide, or send in to the Board for this purpose ; but Mr. Mason has 200 native assistants in the Karen department alone, and last year his appropriations amounted *not quite to fifty cents apiece* ! Not a cent for our fifty Karen female assistants ; not a cent for the Burmese men or women. The heathen women of that whole Province are dying and perishing eternally.

Some complain that I came without *authority*. Had the missions sent one to the churches, they would have sent a man of course. I did come without authority in my own poor name, because I appealed only *to* women and *for* women. In England, Scotland, Ireland and Germany, females are allowed to organize societies of their own, and send out teachers and readers of their own sex.

To those who doubt Mr. Mason's views, I would say he knew nothing of my application for Bible readers, as I came home expressly for teachers for the Institute and Burmese training school. The thought of Bible readers for the Burmese women had often occurred to me, but it was not until I met Mrs. Ranyard in London that I determined to try now for that object. I have no doubt but Mr. Mason will give the plan his warmest support.

He writes Dr. Warren :

" Perhaps Mrs. Mason will be with you, when this reaches you. Please aid her in her plans for female education, and send her back to her work as quick as possible."

It is possible that others in Burmah might even disapprove of the plan proposed. It is certain it has not been tried to any extent, and there are not one thousand converted Burmese women in all Burmah—at least I think not. Ought not, then, *something* to be tried ? If not Bible readers, something else, by which these women shall hear the gospel so as to understand it.

ELLEN B. MASON.

BROOKLYN, July 5th, 1860.

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